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Songs of the soul

John Francis
Xavier O'Connor

KE573



^o
SONGS
OF
THE SOUL



BY
J. F. X. O'CONOR, S. J.

Author of "Every soul," "Study of Francis Thompson's Hound
of Heaven," "Freedom's Song," "Sunshine
through the Clouds," etc.

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JOHN ✠ CARDINAL FARLEY,
Archbishop of New York.

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J. F. X. O'CONOR

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•
P'ELUDE.

"Songs of the Soul" have been read and loved. Others may read and love them.

To these they are dedicated, that a Song of the Soul may enter and bring it nearer to God.

Several of these songs have been set to music by the author, and the melodies have been as much loved as the songs.

Among those set to music are: "Jesus the All Beautiful," "Dear Lord," "The Song of the Moon," "The Golden Sea," "Freedom's Song," "The Land of the Sunrise Sea."

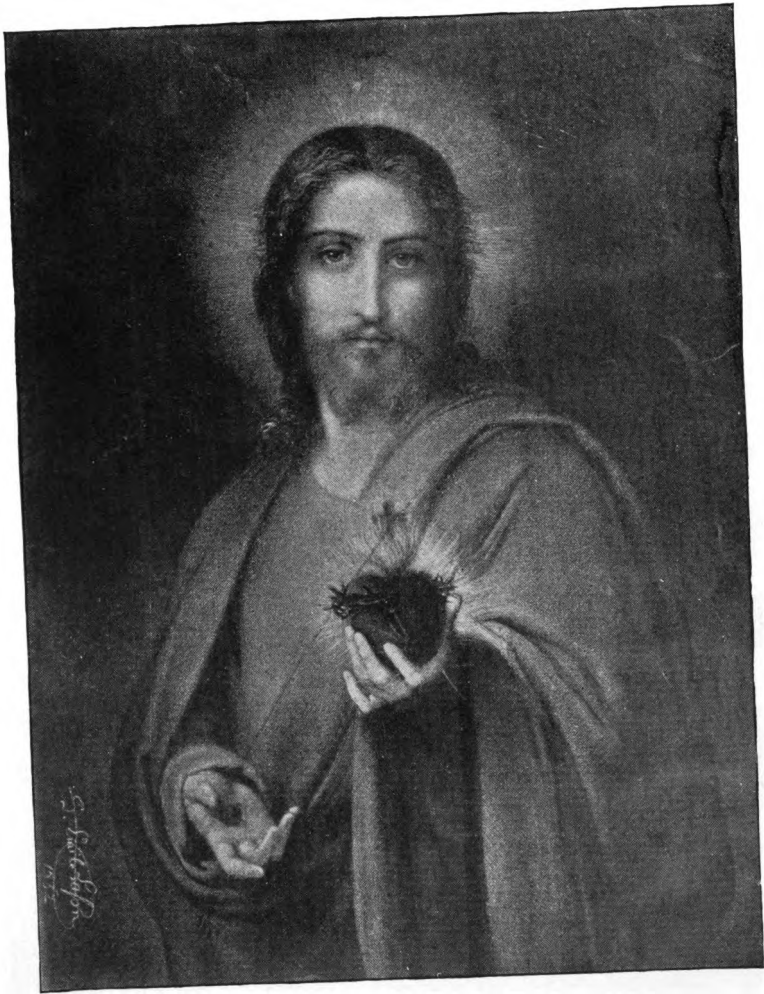
"I write for those who love me,
For those who know me true:
For the heaven so blue above me,
And the good that I can do."

G. L. Banks.

My soul would live not for time,
Nor for gold, nor for power, nor rhyme,
But to speak to the souls of men upon earth
Who yearn for a prize of measureless worth.

A thought to hide away in the heart,
A thought of true beauty and good,
A thought from which we never may part,
A thought that is life's precious food.





DEAR LORD!

SONNET.

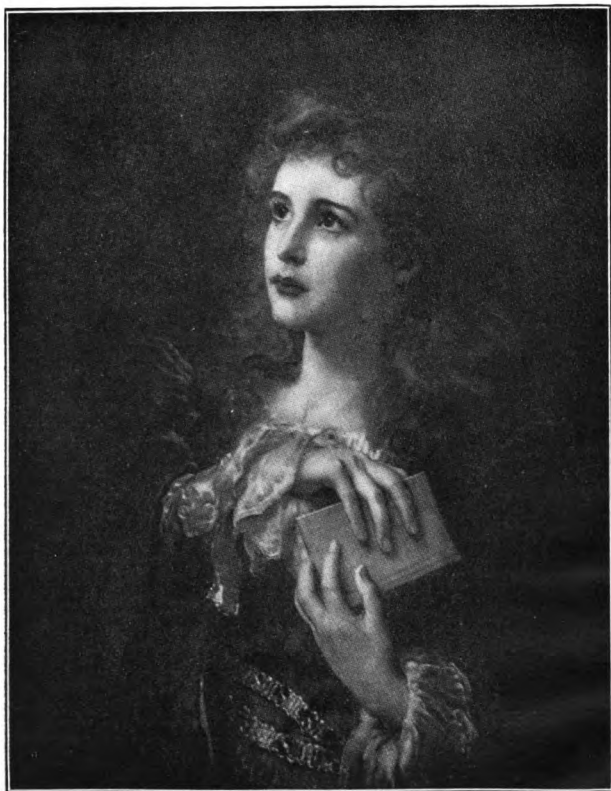
Dear Lord! When I but think of all Thy love,
The love that springs from that great Heart of Thine,
And then I turn and see this heart of mine
So cold, ungrateful to its Lord above:—
I yearn to have a heart more worthy far,
And one that would with thoughts of Thee entwine
Each word and deed, and make them all Divine.
That naught might ever our sweet union mar.
Dear Master! Lord of this poor erring heart,
Lift me with Thy strong love and keep me near;
So near to Thee, my God, my Friend, my All,
That naught but Thy sweet grace may e'er have part
Within my soul, and naught give joy or fear
But thought of Thee, until life's night shall fall.



THE GUARDIAN ANGELS.

SONNET.

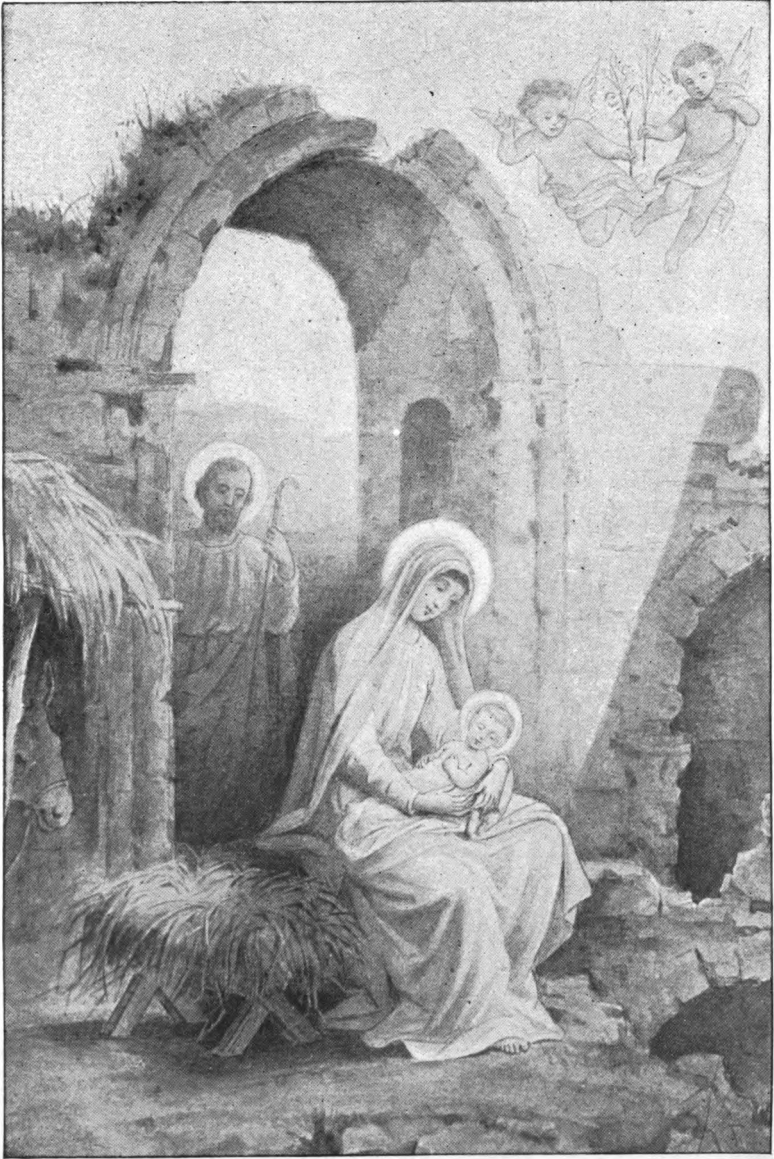
God's angels! In your purest wings enfold
This soul, and from this chosen heart keep far
Sin's wiles, that never evil deed may bar
Its flight so blessed to God. Oh! ever hold
This treasure, precious more than all the gold
That mountains hide, within the clearest light
Of God's dear love! keep ever in its sight
God's beauty, ever new and ever old—
How short is time—its pleasures brief and vain
When we can look upon the shoreless sea
Of God's eternal love and find our rest
There, where no loss can blight the lasting gain.
Nor pain, nor grief, nor longing ever be
To those whose haven is the Master's breast.



A BIRTHDAY.

SONNET

A chosen day, this day so sweet in life.
For when light first did fall upon that face,
It brought with it, I ween, from Heaven a trace
Of that primeval beauty, ere the strife
Began among the angels, when was rife
The spirit bold that e'en would dare to place
Rebellion on the throne. Thou, child, shalt grace
A throne in Heaven, nor shall thy reign be brief,
O Soul full dear, so moulded by God's hand
To learn to love, and rise to noblest height!
Though wounds may come and teach thee sorrow's pain,
Yet, through it all, thy soul so nobly grand
And true, through darkness rises unto light
And in the love of God finds endless gain.

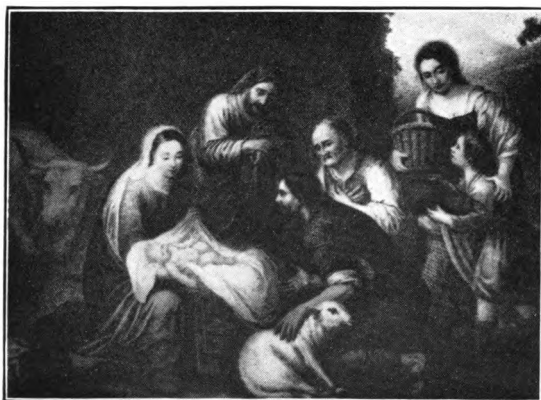


CHRISTMAS!

SONNET.

I.

Great loving God that comes to us to-day,
Amid the straw and cold of Bethlehem's hill,
Thou camest our souls with joy and grace to fill,
Blest God! may Thy dear friendship with us stay,
To lead our steps along life's surest way;
To illume our mind and safely guard our will,
To bring us daily nearer Thee until
"Well done, my child," in joy we hear Thee say.
Sweet Mother of our Infant Saviour dear,
Let Jesus rest upon our breast awhile,
That we the beatings of His Heart may hear;
Let us but see the Infant Jesus smile
Amid His tears, and then, no earthly fear
Can steal this "promise of Eternal Day."



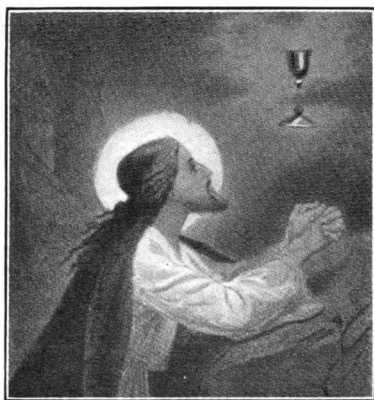
II.

A tender infant lying in the straw,
A maiden, elder, and a shepherd throng,
And angel-legions crowding round with song,
While all are bowed before the Babe in awe,
Was what that Christmas midnight heard and saw.
Then sang the angel voices loud and long:
Glory to God and peace to man belong;
The cave that night held Him who made the law:
Man-God, the Word Eternal. Yes, 'tis He
Who left His Father's bosom, and for me.
"Come you who love Me," pleads His Sacred Face.
"Within My Heart find pardon, hope and grace."
One grace, my Infant Lord, I ask, 'tis this:
To love Thee now, and reign with Thee in bliss.



THE EPIPHANY.

Bright, in the East appeared a glimmering star
The Magi watching knew from writings old
Its rays fell near the Man-God long foretold.
They rose, left all, and followed from afar.
They felt 'twas He; no doubts their faith could mar.
That light long cheered their way, when lo! behold
The star was gone; darkness above them rolled.
They lost not heart, but sought Him still whose star
Had led to Bethlehem's cave from regions far:
To offer Christ their incense, myrrh and gold.
Searchers for truth, if the Almighty deems
A star enough, wish not for suns: 'Twill grow
Fear not, but follow, for it leads the way
To Jesus' crib. Your night will there be day.



THE PASSION OF CHRIST.

The shadows o'er His bended body fall
From olive boughs, within Gethsemane.
And deeper shadows, from the agony
Of sin's atonement, throw a darker pall
Of desolation and of pain o'er all
That midnight scene, when freely He
Though wounded for our sins, from sin all free,
Dire sorrow to His Heart for us did call.
What Pilate now upswings the scourge of pride?
Who now with thorns has swelled the Sacred Tide?
Who sets the cross upon those shoulders torn?
With nails and lance who opens those wounds so wide?
Three hours, un comforted, with Him we mourn
Alone—"Jesus our Love we've crucified!"



ST. KATHARINE.

A SONNET

Katharine! Dear blessed name of Saint so fair!
In thee, a heart of gold, an angel's mind,
Wisdom, and beauty's love of God we find
Enthroned in state, and of a worth so rare
That not in all the lands of earth with care
So many priceless pearls of such a kind
Could e'er be found in one choice soul combined;
Nor could the depth of seas such treasures bear;
All pure, for that thy name declares, as gold
Refined thrice, the spouse of God above,
And wedded mystically to Him whose word
Did smite the spiked sword that would be bold
To tear thy limbs, and yet the welcomed sword
Did bid His angels bear thee to thy Love.



DANTE.

O, Noble Florentine, of undying fame,
Who gav'st unto thy city, and, as well,
To Beatrice, thy love, and who through Hell
And Purgatory and Heaven thy name
Did'st bear, and who e'er held it bitter shame
That Florence should the tale of scorn e'er tell
How she had cast thee forth. All hearts rebel
That greatness, sorrow, love, should bear such blame.
O gentle poet, great and true, 'tis meet
That we in distant ages far, should come
To lay our humble tribute at thy feet,
And beg that thou would'st look with kindly eyes
Upon our efforts, made to fitly greet
Thee! O Dante! Poet of Life and Paradise!



A SISTER'S JUBILEE.

Back through the glad but slowly passing years
Her heart is gazing, then to God in praise
Is turned, in love, at all His wondrous ways
That led through pain and sorrow, doubts and fears,
As joy oft followed fast upon the tears.
At times 'twas hard to tread the weary maze;
And Heaven and peace seemed far, amid the haze
Of present joys. The call her great soul hears.
One-fourth a century is buried in the past,
One-fourth a century is treasured up above,
One-fourth a century hidden in God's heart.
But who shall tell of ages yet to last,
When centuries of joy will not depart,
How sweet alone to live for God's dear love.



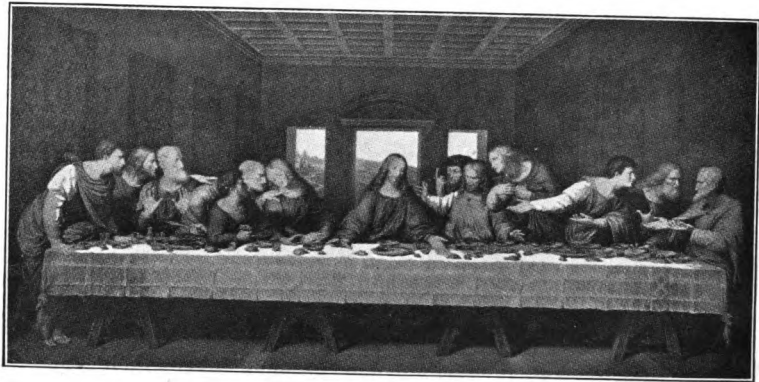
A SISTER'S VOWS.

Fond Sister, this long-looked-for day demands
That I should plead in fervent prayer for thee,
Who, chaste, obedient and in poverty,
Have close around thee drawn three holy bands;
Sweet bonds are they and tied by willing hands.
Yes! Far away the world's dark surging sea
May dash, unheard, its waves in troubled glee
With fruitless play upon the barren sands.
But thou, quite dumb with gratitude and love
That He thy Lord hath made thee all His own,
Canst ask no more—but only hope for this:
To live,—that all thy thoughts to Him above
May soar; until thy heart like His hath grown
And He from sorrow call thee home to bliss.



MARY IMMACULATE.

O Mary, dawn of our eternal day!
From thee arose the Sun, the world's true light,
Who changed to blessed day man's sinful night.
Send me, thy child, while treading on life's way,
Of Faith and Hope and Love one guiding ray,
To melt the cloud of darksome Error's blight,
That Truth undimmed may ever greet my sight.
For how could darkness be where Thou dost stay?
O guide me when I write that I may learn
To wield the pen, th' Apostles' trenchant sword.
Then train my heart with holy zeal to yearn
That fighting bravely in the cause of Right
And Truth, I seek alone my soul's delight:
The purest glory of my God and Lord.



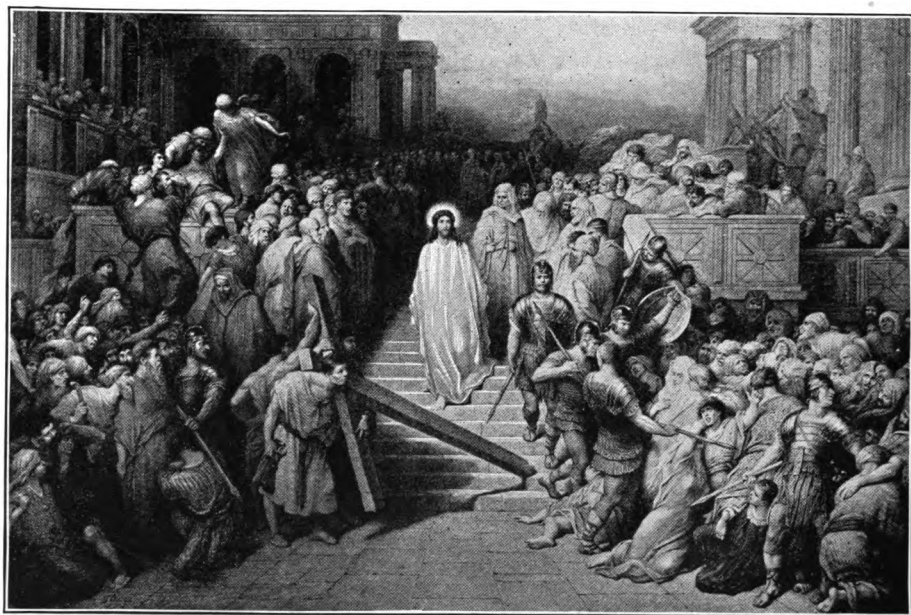
THE PRIESTHOOD

At last! At last! the hope of years is filled.
My heart is full of peace and holy mirth.
Oh, is it not in truth a heaven on earth
To think that He in mercy great has willed
That I should be a priest of God. I now may build
Strong hopes that I shall see His face where dearth
Of sadness is, but where deep joy takes birth
And dies never. This thought my soul has thrilled
Each morn, I hold Him near, my Jesus sweet;
I drink His Precious Blood, and then speak not
But silent, prostrate at His sacred feet,
Adore. O! at that moment I forgot
That I was still on earth.—I longed to stay.
Where He is not—all joy doth pass away.



THE PRIEST.

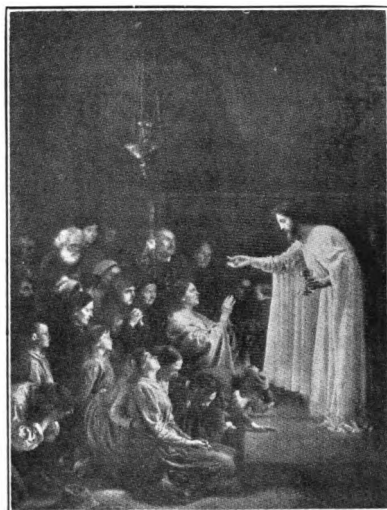
Priest of the Holy Catholic Church of Rome!
Father! who breakest to us the Angel's Bread!
We honor e'en the ground where thou dost tread.
Wanderers upon this earth where'er we roam
'Neath chapel roof or great cathedral's dome,
Thou'rt there: to bring to life our souls when dead.
Thus leaving sin where we our tears have shed,
Once more with thee we journey towards our Home.
O comforter of grief! the sinner's friend;
The good man's helper, the villain's foe;
Virtue to strengthen, Vice to reprehend,
Youth to guide and Innocence defend,
All this, thy glory here on earth below:
An angel healing all the wounds of woe.



THE CROSS OVER JERUSALEM.

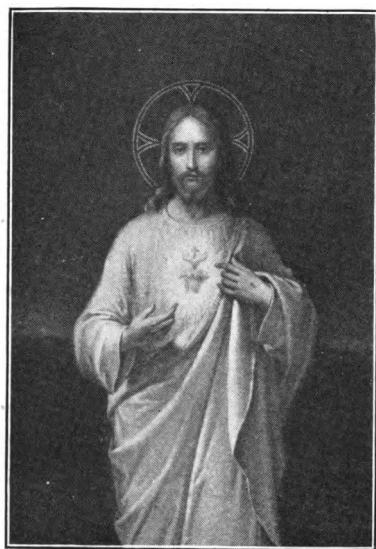
When Christ our Lord, upon His weary way
From Olivet, did bend His steps in mercy's might
To Calvary, then there was seen a sight
Not given to eyes of man, and yet we may
Believe by angels seen. For they could say
That in His Passion they had seen a light
Which shot athwart the walls, from left to right,
And then from North to South sent forth a ray.

By Eastward gate He came, and to the hall
Of Caiphas, South, was led. And when the night
Had flown, was Northward dragged at Pilate's call,
And back apace, till Westward, weak with loss
Of blood He turned and mounted Calvary's height.
Within those walls Christ's feet had trod a cross.



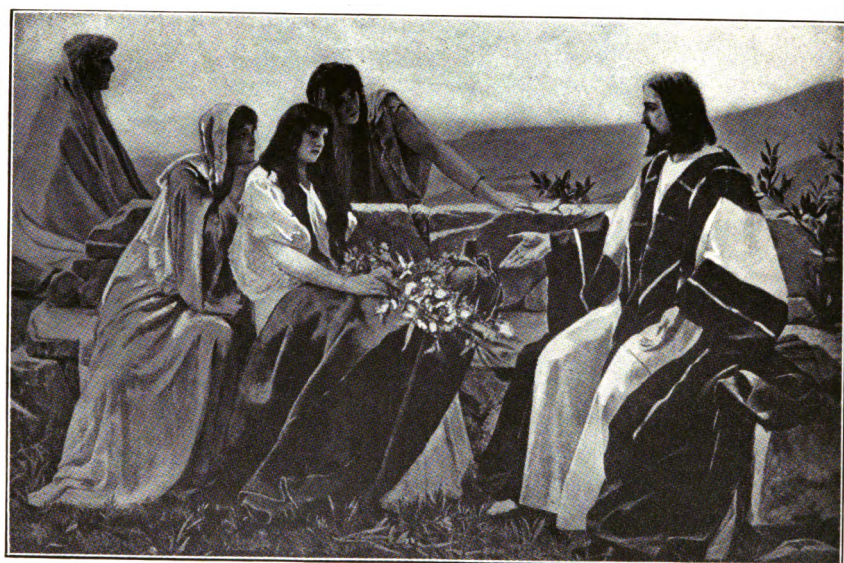
THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

O Sacrament where dwells my Love Divine!
How sweet Thy coming near our hearts which need
Thee sore, when Thou in love dost come to feed
Our souls with bread of Heaven and with wine
That maketh virgins. Take, Lord, this heart of mine
And make it Thine. Here ever Thou dost heed
Our prayer, who come in sorrow, now to plead
For grace and strength to conquer, not repine.
Sweet Jesus! hidden God of deepest love!
Near Thee, is peace the world can never know.
No sin of ours should cause Thy Heart to bleed;
Thy love should lift our thoughts to Thee above;
Nor let our lives, but in Thy friendship grow.
In Thee, dear Lord, we have a Friend indeed.



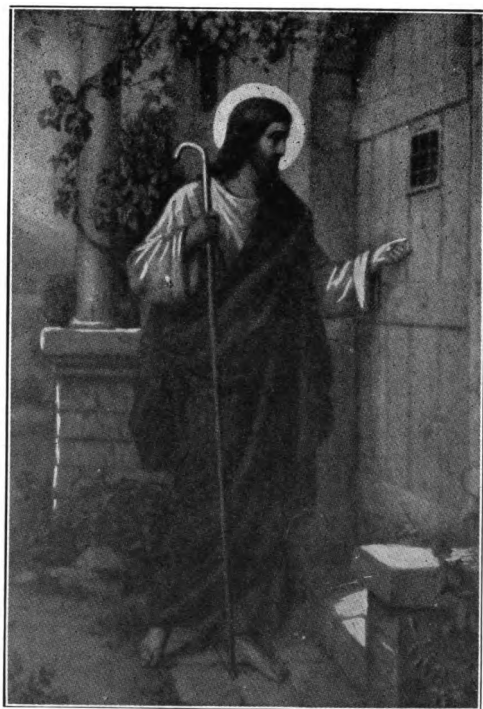
THE SACRED HEART.

O Sacred Heart! that in obscure Paray
Didst ope the depth Divine of love, and knew
By Margaret Mary, Virgin tried and true,
How well to send this message far away,
Which, first, but seemed of love a tiny ray
That like a spark still burned on brightly through
The rolling years, until the fire grew
To one vast flame, and made our darkness day.
By that dear love of Thine, oh! we implore
Enkindle flames within these hearts of clay
Which spurned Thy love, and gave a cold return.
“I came to cast on earth a fire”—yea more,
Sweet Heart of Jesus! bid that fire to burn
And make our hearts more like to Thine each day.



GRATIA.

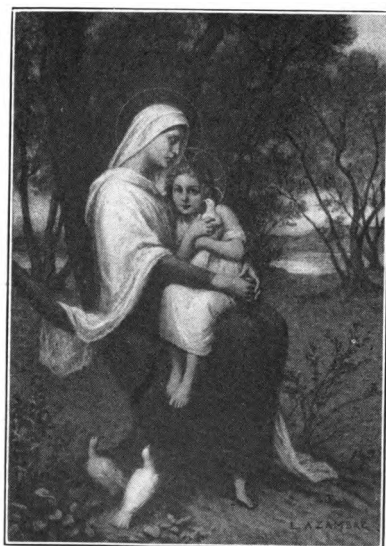
Blessed Soul! for thee to God, I pray to-day.
That He may hide Thee in His Heart Divine
And fill with blessed love that life of Thine
And guard thee e'er until life fades away.
May grace Divine e'er help thee on thy way
And by its gleams in beauty ever shine
To make thy soul for nought on earth repine,
But only in the shelter of that love to stay.
Great God! Who lovest souls who love Thee well,
What helps are needed, send to this Thy child.
Thou knowest storms can rage both fierce and strong;
Still Thou, the winds and waves, that battle wild
Bid come the calm which they alone can tell,
Who brave alone, for Thee, withstand the wrong.



I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK.

“I stand at the door and knock,
Give me thy heart, my child,
When the billows of evil rock,
And the tempests of sin are wild.

“You will find that the storm shall cease,
And the dreams of the world depart,
When you seek your unchangeable peace
In the depths of My Sacred Heart.”



REMEMBRANCES.

Dear, dead memories, those of years ago,
Till by death's hand, or time's, or duty's call
Away we shall be summoned, one by one,
Until the silent tomb shall gather all.

Yet through these years, until we meet again,
These joyous days will live, a fragrant past.
Yea! and when heartsick, reaching joy through pain,
Backward,—regretful—will our thoughts be cast.



“HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.”

At other times it was the babe asleep,
And o’er Him did His mother vigils keep,
But now, O Sight of Sights most rare!
The Mother slumbers in the Infant’s care!
And over nature bids a silence deep.

“May the smiles of the little Babe Divine,
And the light of His Mother’s eyes be thine,
And the Angels of the night
Carol “Peace” upon the height.
And the glory of the hill-top on thee shine!

May the little Hand of Christ bless thy year,
And the great Heart of Christ hold thee dear,
And all blest and happy things
Which the love of Jesus brings
Be upon thee till another June is here!”



JESUS THE ALL BEAUTIFUL.

Jesus the All-Beautiful, Lo, we adore Thee. Make Thou our hearts like Thine, Oh! we implore Thee.	If, mid the dark'ning night, Hope seems afar; Send but one ray of light From Bethle'm's Star.
Let never a thought arise Severing from Thee, Only Thy love we prize. Keep us with Thee.	Sorrow may wound the heart, Grief come anew, Let earthly joy depart Keep Thou us true.
When heavy burdens fall, Crushing us low; Hear Thou Thy children's call. Lighten our woe.	Jesus the All-Beautiful, Lo, we adore Thee.. Make Thou our hearts like Thine, Oh! we implore Thee.



O SACRAMENT OF LOVE.

O Sacrament of Love,
O Sacrament Divine,
O lift our hearts above
And keep them near to
Thine.

So far away from Thee
Upon this earth we roam;
O hear Thy children's plea
And take us to our Home.

When foes are drawing near,
We'll think of Thee our
Friend,
And then without a fear
We'll battle to the end.



SACERDOS IN ÆTERNUM.

Now roll away the clouds of bygone years;
And now the sun of this bright holy day
That, shining dimly on life's darkened way,
Had cheered thee on through struggles, doubts and fears,
At last in blaze of noonday light appears.
From thee, henceforth, the hope-enkindling ray
Shall fall to guide the wanderers far astray,
And change to joy thy fellow sufferer's tears.
O man! What awful power is lent to thee!
A God Omnipotent obeys thee now.
Thy word in might no less than Heaven's own key—
While more than kingly crown surrounds thy brow,
Unlocks the stores of grace to misery.
A priest of Heaven's high God forever, thou!



THE SOUL'S SACRIFICE. ⁽¹⁾

A young apprentice was carving the stone
'Neath the cloister roof as he stood alone
But he had wasted his time in the work of the day.
When none was near to say him nay.
Of the presence of God in his work had he
Not always thought, nor was his heart made free,
Until for his sin he had pardon sought,
And the grace that came was peace well bought.

With a heart of joy he now struck bold,
With hammer and chisel, and a heart of gold,
For his will sang out, as his blow fell true,
"This work, my Lord, it's for you, for you."
And suddenly there came on the cloister roof
The sound of a chisel blow, and the proof,
As he turned he saw a figure divine,
With chisel and hammer in that hand. In fine
In the cloister's groin, with a master's hand,
A leaf was carved that forever would stand
As a perfect work in all that land.

(1) Based on the same legend as the Master Touch, by W. Q.

The face he saw was the Lord of his youth,
And his heart grew faint as he knew the truth,
And down from the scaffold his body fell,
T'was stayed in its fall, for the Brother could tell,
How the boy had wrought till his strength had gone.

At the carved flower the Brothers gazed,
Its beauty and form by all were praised,
And they questioned the lad. "The work's not mine,"
He replied with bended head. "If not thine,
By whom was it done?" was the urgent word,
"Not mine, I said, but the work of the Lord."
"Of course," said the Brother, "give praise to God,
But still go on with the carving rare,
And rob not the Lord of His rightful share."

But when the boy resumed the toil,
No art came back from the tool's recoil.
And his heart was heavy for the failure there,
And his voice was raised in anxious prayer.
But a Hand took from his, the cutting steel,
And a voice to his ear made answer real,
"Thou didst not laud self, but manly stood,
In praise of the Lord, thy word was good,
Let thy speech be thus as day follows day,
What the Lord thinks right shall be thy way,
And the hand of the Lord shall guide thee right,
Nor ill shall harm thee by day or night."

With the lad as he walked, the Lord was seen
By the Brothers, as the boy went home at e'en,
And his mother, too, had asked the boy,
Who his friend had been as she saw the joy,
That lighted his face in the sun's clear glow,
As it sank in the west and crowned his brow.
"There was none with me, Mother, indeed, unless,"
As he paused, she said, "Unless who?" "I confess,"
Said he, "that, unless, I mean
It was God with me, no other I've seen."

As he lay at noon, by the river's side,
And watched the circles in the water's tide,
With the background of blue, near the river green,
To his eyes, unaided, in the light and the sheen,
Was the loveliest maiden that eye had seen.
In vision or dream no beauty so fair,
Had been visioned by him as he saw it there,
It was she he had hoped to see some day
If this were love it could kill and not slay,
For the joy and the pain of that still hour
Was above and beyond all human power.
She had gone, but her voice came back on the stream,
But she paused again, and a lily's gleam,
As it fell, struck his vision and a glance so sweet,
That he rushed to the place and fell at her feet.
She was gone, but the lily he raised and kissed,

And sad was his heart that the maid was missed
When a smile or a word he might have won,
But the lady had passed, and the vision was gone.

As he walked he dreamt of worlds to win,
The lily was held in his bosom and in
The joy of the day he planned great things,
To do, in his life, for the King of Kings.
He was willing to fight and to die that day,
If her face might bend o'er him there as he lay.
A step approached and a voice was heard,
The hermit who dwelt in the woods, whose word
Was revered by men for his saintly life,
Who dwelt apart from the world and its strife.

He went to the cave and a fragrance rare
Had filled the space of the hour of prayer.
"What flowers so sweet are these you bear,"
Said the hermit, and John, "But a lily fair,
'Twas given to me by the river's side,
By a lady fair, and whatever betide,
I'll see her face in my dreams at night,
And my steps shall seek her in the Lord's white light."
"Go down on your knees," the hermit said,
"You have seen Our Lady, nor are you dead,
Give thanks for the blessing that is yours to-day,
For a joy has been placed in life's sad way."

As he walked to his home there came,
In his way a Hand—and ever the same,
It seemed to ask for what he could give,
He thought of the lily, but how could he live,
Bereft of the gift of the lady sweet,
That she dropped by the river, 'neath her blessed feet,
As he paused to withhold that precious one—
The lily gift—the Hand was gone.
The flower he drew from his breast, and it fell,
And a stem was snapped—and he saw full well
The petals were crushed—but the flowers were there,
And he rose from the ground, as he finished his prayer
And there was the Hand—and the Lily he gave,
As he kept back the tears, it was all he could save.
But he felt on his head that Hand of the Lord
That rested and blessed him and never a word.
And he listened in awe with a beating heart,
And he heard, it seemed, those footsteps depart.

But a sorrow fell on that blessed soul,
Another claimed his work, and the goal
Of his life seemed changed. By witchcraft 'twas said,
His work had been done, and upon his head,
The charge of the evil deed was laid.
They chained him close in a prison vile,
And despair and gloom at his heart the while,
Were striving for mastery and to kill the star

Of Hope, and Faith, God's work to mar.
Where was God, the evil thoughts said,
Was it not enough to drive him mad?
But the gloom went by, and once again,
The weight was raised from his beating brain
And his heart went forth in faith and love
To the God who tries, but is ever above.
And through the window, in the fluttering light,
There came a bird. Of cold and fright
'Twas dying that day. He kissed the bird so frail and
fair,

And said, "Oh! God, let it live—my prayer—
O, fool that I am, there is no God I say,
And God let it live, dear Lord, I pray."
And a sudden light like lightning fell,
On the walls of the dim little prison cell,
And a hand held out, to give it his all—

That Hand that had asked for the Lily. Its fall,
The vision, and river, that scene again—
And what was the answer; but one "Amen."
He laid the robin in the outstretched palm,
And fell into slumber, deep and calm.
He awoke and found that God was so near,
Never again could he doubt or know fear.
He thought of the bird which was taken away,
And in his full heart there was naught he could say,

“The Lord He has given and taken from me,
If there were no God then how could this be?
And whether He give or take it once more,
The Lord I shall love and bless evermore.”
The crime was confessed by a sinner bold,
How in jealous hate, his vile tongue told
With wicked lie, that he carved the flower,
And blackened a name in an evil hour.

They rushed to the cell but alas to own,
That the sinless soul to its Lord had flown.
His body unto the cave they bore
And placed on his breast the flower he wore;
And praise went up to the throne of the Lord
That he had been true to the whispered word.
Humble and firm in the sorrows of life,
To him was the crown of the Victor's strife,
And never more should sorrow or pain
O'er that sweet soul e'er hover again.

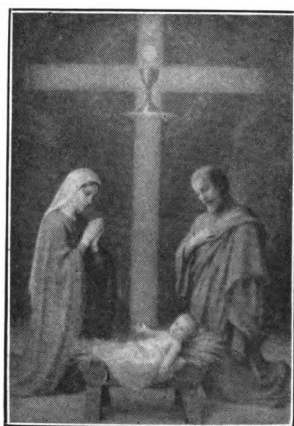


THE FIRST MASS.

Dear Lord! there is no joy like mine
For at my word
My hands Thy sacred Body hold;
My face is near to Thine,
And Thou art God! .

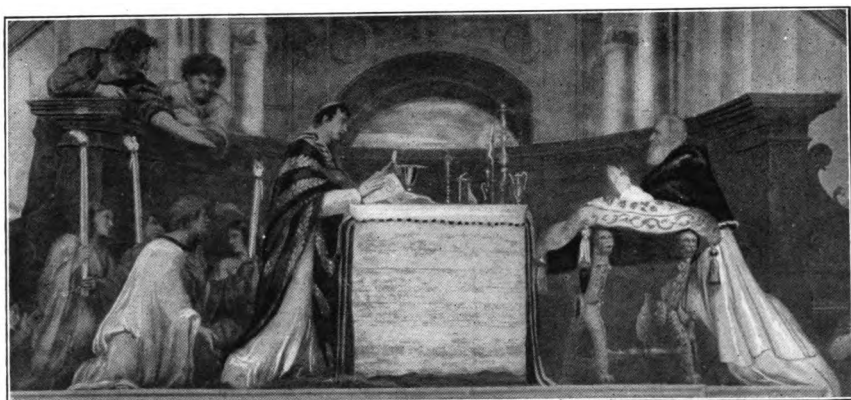
My lips have whispered low above
The holy Cup:
Thy Precious Blood is present there;
My soul enfolded in Thy love
Finds heaven's joy.

May I who daily hold and see
Thy Flesh and Blood,
And feed upon this Angel's Food,
Grow ever more like Thee
In word and deed.



THE CROWN OF THE PRIESTHOOD.

Dominus Pars! What joy these words impart;
Their meanings sweet new joys reveal;
My Lord is mine, I've chosen Mary's part,
My soul now bears a royal seal.
His bitter chalice lovingly He shares,
A bridal cup—I'll drink it deep,
And though my life be sown with budding cares,
My joy shall be that I may weep.
Yea! weep! for where on earth a sweeter thing
Than tears? Yea, precious more than gold.
In pondering o'er the sorrows of the King,
Whose life-blood dropped for me, of old.
Full gladly now my head this circlet wears,
An image of the painful crown
That He amid the taunting cohort's jeers
Had worn for me in grief alone.
Whene'er in life with sorrows' anguish torn
My heart would sink beneath the blow,
The crown my loving Lord has borne,
Shall hide, beneath its thorns, my woe.
This crown I wear dispels all earthly fears;
It shadows forth that other crown
Whose glory when the face of Christ appears
To worlds eternal shall be known.

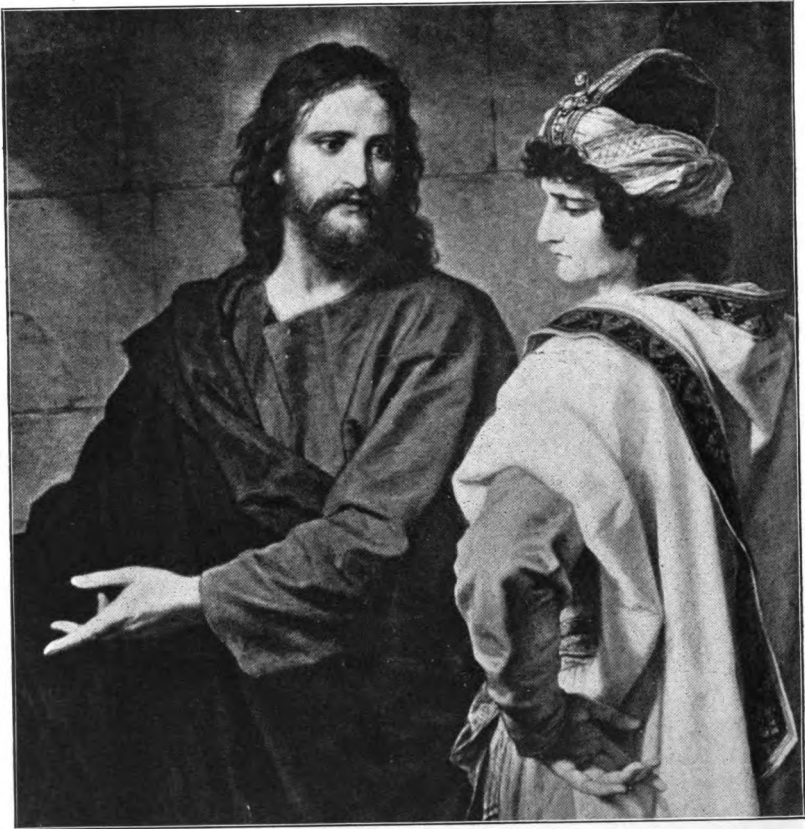


THE HOLY SACRIFICE.

I've eaten of Thy Sacred Flesh,
The germ of immortality.
My soul shall grow more pure and fresh,
To bloom for an eternity.

I drink the Chalice—Blood Divine!
That fills my soul with high desire—
With thirst for God—no other wine
Can feed in me this holy fire.

Thus nourished with angelic food,
How sweet like angels here to live,
With thought and deed all pure and good,
Till back to God our souls we give.



A DIVINE VOCATION.

Down into life reached the hand of God.
It touched a maiden, fair unto eyes of men.
But dearer far was she to God's own heart,
Who claimed her life from earth, to be espoused
Unto His only Son for evermore.
Bright were her eyes, and in responsive laugh
Laughed her sweet lips with radiance of Heaven.
About her brow, that seemed angelic fair,
Were hung the golden locks with self-taught grace.

Of life she dreamed, its gifts and pleasures sweet,
When on those days there came a thought from Heaven:
"Above this life alluring me, can I not rise,
And seek for something nobler far, and good,
For that which would be nearer God and great?
Ah me! is such a life too high for me?
If I could only consecrate myself,
And give my life to God—how dear the joy:
And how, all this I've known, would worthless be!"

And, when 'twas given to her to understand,
Her heart could of its dross be purified,
There came a flood of lightsome, holy joy
That filled her soul with gratitude and love,
And made her seem one of another world.
At such a change the evil spirits raged.
This might not be, as from this single soul

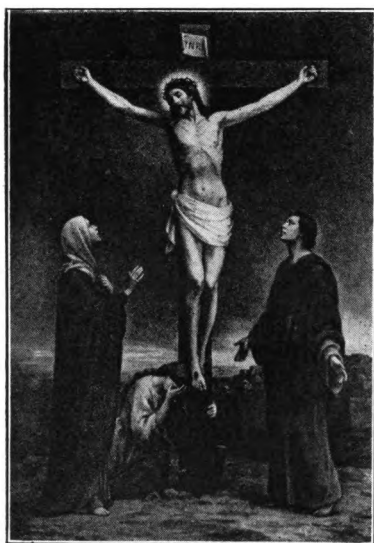
Too much of glory would to Heaven rise,
And, therefore, should the work be quickly checked.
When lo! into that Heav'n-born peace and light,
There rushed the malice dire of fiercest hell.
Temptations came—"the world was fair indeed";
"Its pleasures beckoned, and its hopes were near,
Its trials and its sorrows seemed afar."

But even in the sadness and the gloom,
This soul beheld the guiding hand of God,
It saw a test of faith and loyalty,
It knew that Heaven had let the darkness come
To strengthen faith and hope in future years.
There came, from God's own love, a force divine,
A courage that would e'er unconquered be,
A strong resolve to fight and struggle on,
Even unto death against all earthly foes,
Or tempters' wiles, or darkness, or despair,
Above all human love, delusions, joys,
Though countless as the sands upon the shore.

The storm, at last, was passing swift away,
The soul awoke beneath God's smiling face,
To taste the joy, its blessed choice had brought.
Ah me! what joy was like that joy of hers?
The world would fain have wrecked a life like that.
She spurned its love, and turned her heart away.
She heard the promise of the King of Kings,
The nuptials royal, this life's hundredfold,
With life eternal and its joys in store.
And this, exchanged for life's short days on earth
That she had given back unto her Lord.

And then before her mind there did unfold
A vision glorious of that day to be,
When she enthronéd sat, a virgin fair,
The spouse of Him who was the King of Kings.
And round about was Heaven's mighty host
'Mid splendor of eternal paradise.
In that vast scene of Heaven's domain
She there beheld her Spouse and Sovereign Lord,
His Blessed Mother, crownéd Queen of all,
And there, too, saw that saint, to whom
The prayers had come, that upward sought their way,
Blest Anthony, who laid them at his Master's feet.

At this fair sight her soul was filled with peace,
And in her joy and love she cried aloud:
"Dear Lord! for Thee and for one draught
Of this sweet happiness with Thee, my Lord,
I'll bear the trials of life, its pain and grief,
Its moments drear, and heartbreaks, all alone,
Its disappointments and its sorrows all,
For all my life, however dark and lone,
However bitter, sad, and weary it may be,
For soon, at last, will come the dawning day,
That day unbroken, when a peace and rest
And joy untold for an eternity
I then shall know, and all the past be passed,
And I shall rest forever on my Saviour's breast."



GOOD FRIDAY.

Holiest, most beautiful of lives,
Thou too shalt find thy end in death;
All cruelty thy soul survives:
His love that claims the parting breath.

Pale Sacred Face!—the eyes are closed.
O Mary! Thy Son lives no more.
Disciple! who on His Heart reposed,
With Magdalen thy Lord deplore.

O Magdalen! what here on earth
Can fill a single thought of thine?
All, all is merely void and dearth
Since He is gone!—thy love divine.

Ye angels and ye saddened men,
Clothe all your lives in grief's sad pall.
Think ye will creatures smile again,
When He is dead, their God, their All?



EASTER.

Glory! Glory! in chorus sing
The birds among the soft spring leaves;
Loud, loud the alleluias ring,
Each breast to-day with gladness heaves.

His wounds like suns of brightness glow;
His cross a tree of whitest light;
His thorns are gems that crown the brow
Of Christ arisen in Victor's might.

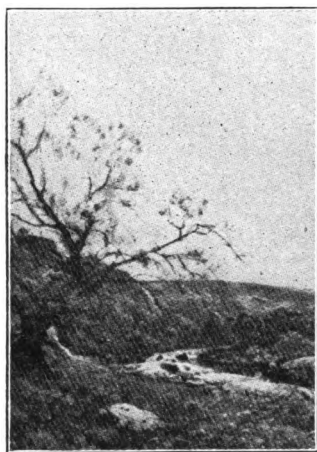
"Within we see those palace halls,
Wherein our Blessed Saviour reigns.
Our thrones are there when sweet death calls;
With Him we'll rise from worldly pains.

There joys unthought, the Blessed know,
"Where Mary to her Maker sings.
When doors fore'er are closed on woe,
That Marriage-Feast all joy now brings."



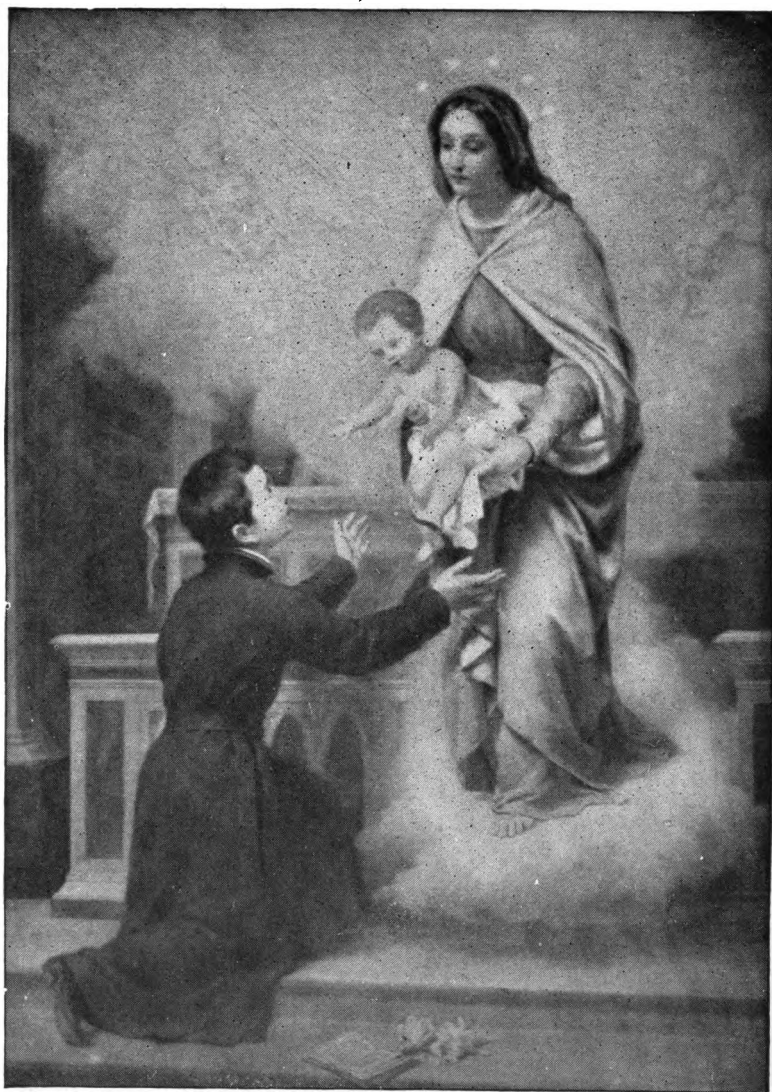
SPRING.

Last Autumn, sadly fell in showers down
The withered leaves. But soft and green to-day
They dress the boughs in bridal robes of May.
In leafy covers the merry songsters brown
Build cottages of straw, well lined with down.
There shade invites the nightingale to stay
And welcome shelter with his songs repay,
Whose notes all other warblers' voices drown.
Yet all these blithesome twitterers now so gay,
That seemingly have naught to do but sing,
Throughout the long, cold winter where were they?
What milder breezes felt their passing wing?
He knows Who taught them melodies so sweet,
Who leads them now to charm our calm retreat.



AUTUMN.

Among the trees the winds in sadness sigh,
And widely strewn or else in gathered heap
The brown and yellow leaves together keep,
As though they would at least united die.
The waving boughs that once so pleased the eye
When clothed in mantle green both bright and deep,
From which the warbling songster loved to peep,
Now stretch their naked arms up to the sky.
A picture true of our own life is this.
Its Autumn too shall come and leaves shall fall.
For youth and friends and joy shall pass away.
But, Winter gone, a Spring of truer bliss
Awaits the soul that soars at Heaven's call,
To find a clime where reigns Eternal May.



ST. STANISLAUS.

SONG.

Our Patron Stanislaus,
May we e'er be
Angels of purity,
Holy like thee.
Our hearts to Jesus give,
Only for Him we live;
And in our souls may He
Rest as with thee.

Lifelong Fidelity,
Virtue unfeigned,
God and Eternity
For thee have gained.
Ever thy heart and tongue
Thy Mother's love have sung.
May we near Mary be
In Heaven, with thee.



A BROKEN HEART.

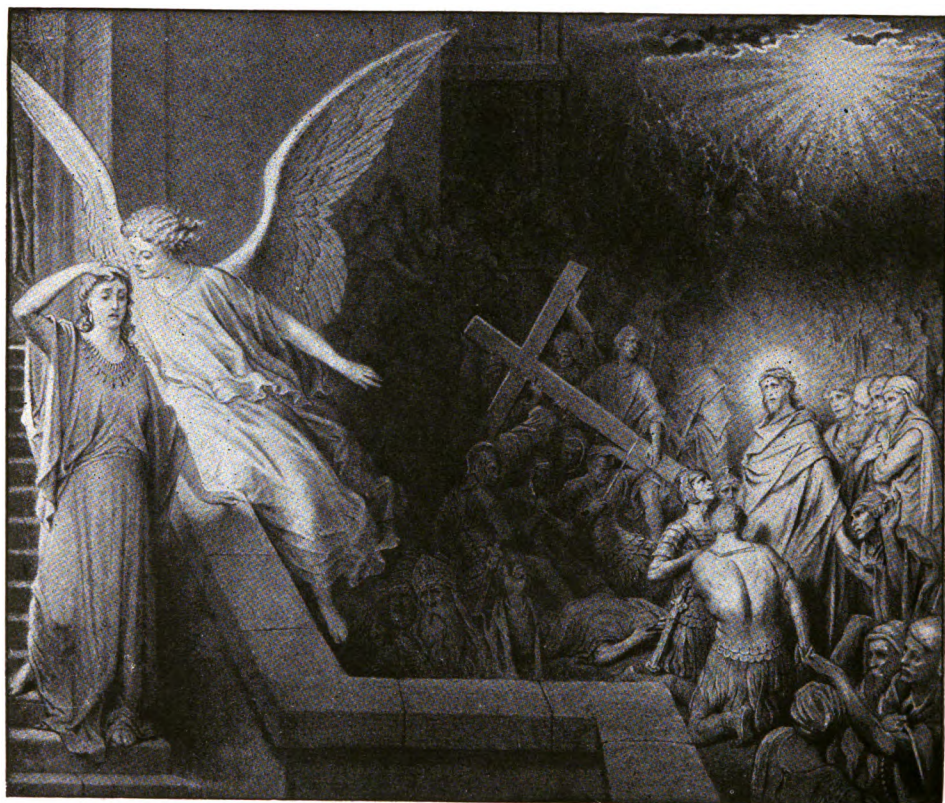
To-day, why art thou sad, O Golden Heart?
Is it longing for wealth or the seeking of fame:
Is it searching for joy or the loss of a name:
Is it life's sad dream or a failure in art:
Is it shrinking in life from the nobler part?
Can it be, such a soul would e'er want to live
And never once yearn its best work to give,
To better one's race—and new joy impart?
Ah, no! that pain and sadness is other.
A grief so deep that its like is not
Throughout the globe on shore or main
A pain so keen, and dull. God wot
But once in life can be felt that strain
When a heart that loves shall lose a Mother.



SPIRITS OF DARKNESS.

I am the Spirit of Darkness.
She is the Spirit of Darkness!
Hush!
Hush-sh!
I lure men to evil and madness.
She lures men to evil and madness.
Be still!
Be still! 'sh!
I stand in their way without reason or rhyme
And lead them to folly, to sin and to crime!
She stands in their way without reason or rhyme
And leads them to folly, to sin and to crime!
Begone! Away!
Begone! Away! Away!

For one step good, we make three steps bad.
We watch for the lassie, we wait for the lad.
And all our work is to turn to ill
What good can be done by the human will
If you will reject the hope of life
And turn aside from the weary strife,
We promise you pleasure and fame and health
And all you could wish of this world's wealth.



SPIRITS OF LIGHT.

I am the Spirit of Light.
She is the Spirit of Light!
I strive to keep the world right!
She strives to keep the world right!
I lead men on to better than good,
And help them to do what all men should.
What all men should!
I warn them from the road that leads down hill,
And help them to learn to keep from ill!
She warns them from the road that leads down hill!
And helps them to learn to keep from ill.

And for one step wrong, they take three steps right,
And rise from gloom into God's fair light,
And keep their hearts strong, in the fight for the Lord;
And He knows how to send a reward!

O listen not to the tempters' song,
For that can bring you naught but wrong,
All nature will lead your steps aright
If you follow as guide, the Spirits of Light.

O Spirits of Light I hear your voice,
At those sweet words I now rejoice,
The birds, the winds, and spirits free,
Will be the best of guides to me.

AMERICA'S NATION-WIDE ANTHEM.
FREEDOM'S SONG

I.

O! sing aloud, thy Freedom's song
Sing it as the world rolls on,
O! sing it loud! and sing it strong!
For battles fought, and battles won.
O! sing it with the dawning light,
O! sing it on the midnight air,
O! sing for peace and sing for right,
And let her every foe beware!

II.

America! is freedom's land
To all she gives a helping hand;
Her plains are wide, her ports are clear,
Her heart of strength ne'er knows a fear.
To her come men, from East, and West,
Of them, she moulds the true, the best;
And fills them with her spirit free
By city, river, hill and sea.

III.

America! the freeman's home!
America! the brave man's land!
To all, no matter whence they roam,
To all, she holds out friendship's hand.
She will not brook oppression's will,
Her heart is filled with freedom's thrill;
From sea to sea, in all the lands
Her name for peace and Freedom stands.

IV.

In times of peace her marts are filled,
The din of toil is never stilled,
Her men of mind are ne'er at rest,
Inventions new fill brain and breast. .
In towns, and fields, and plains afar,
In triumph speeds her glorious car;
And up, and down this chosen land,
Are blessings spread with lavish hand.

V.

And as we gaze around the world
No flag afloat, no banner furled,
Can with our stripes and stars compare
Which gleam and shine in Heaven's free air.
No flag of nation North, or East,
Or South or West, compares the least
With that loved flag on Freedom's shore
The freeman's banner ever more.

VI.

And as we sing our song of praise
To God above our hearts we raise,
And thank Him for the loving hand
That rests caressing on our land.
And grateful thanks shall e'er arise
For gifts that we so dearly prize.
We'll beg that He will send in store
New blessings as in days of yore.



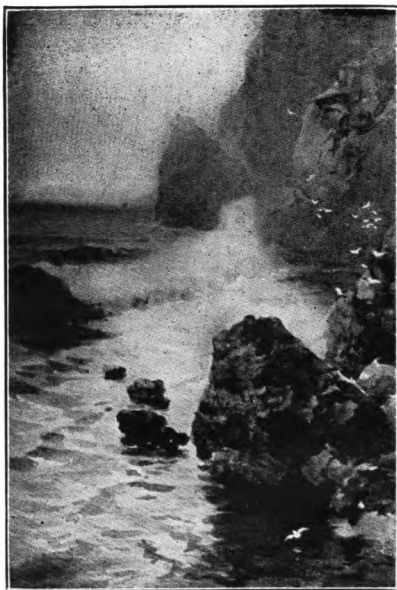
THE LAND OF THE SUNRISE SEA

In the Land of the Sunrise Sea
Thy love is waiting for thee;
 Thy love is waiting,
 Thy love is waiting,
 Thy love is waiting for thee.

Will sorrow then flee away?
Will joy come there to stay?
 Come there to stay?
 Come there to stay?
 Come there to stay with me?

Gladness will bide evermore,
There on that sunrise shore,
 Will bide evermore,
 Will bide evermore,
 Will bide evermore with thee.

The heart with its sadness is torn,
It longs for the sweet sunrise morn,
 Where happiness dwells,
 Where happiness dwells,
 Where happiness dwells evermore.

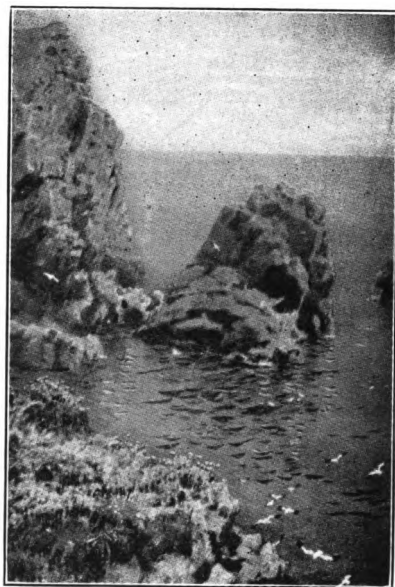


THE GOLDEN SHORE.

My heart is filled with hope and joy,
For now my bliss has no alloy;
I soon shall greet the happy day
That brings me on to life's glad day.

All day long my heart is glad,
For how could I be ever sad?
For soon I know the day is near
That I have sought for many a year.

How I love that Golden Sea,
It is all the world to me;
I'll not rest forever more
Till I reach that Golden Shore.



SONG OF THE MOON.

O! Moon! Thou art fair queen of the night,

I sing to thee!

I sing to thee!

As o'er the water falls thy silver light,

I sing to thee!

I sing to thee!

He has sent thee to us in our sadness

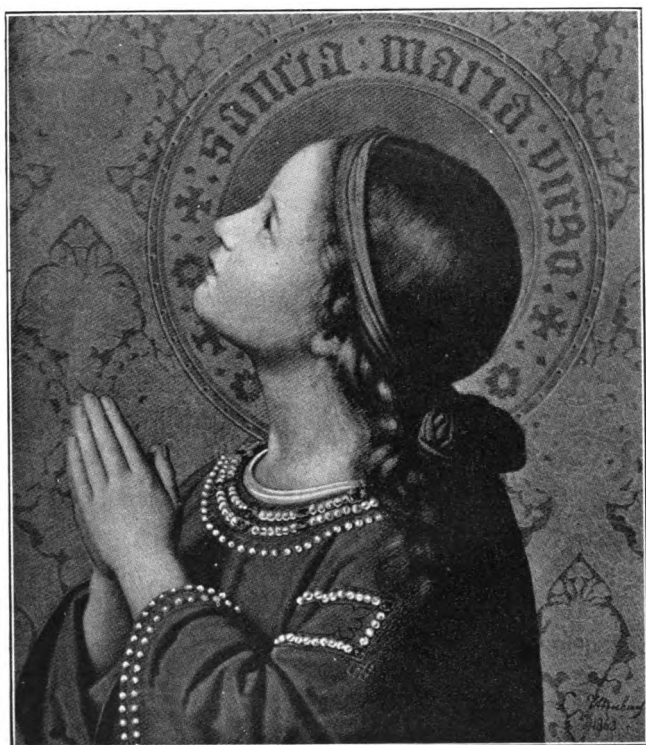
To cheer us with hours of gladness.

And placed thee by His loving power

As guardian of the midnight hour,

Thy great, great God

O Beautiful Moon.

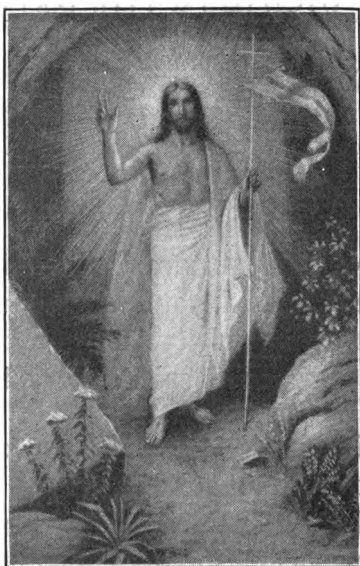


THE VISION IN THE RAINBOW

At last! the hope of years is filled,
At last the anguish keen is stilled;
I've yearned through life for this one grace
To see at last my Maker's face.

My blest one, in your every step of life,
My prayer was with you in the weary strife
When darkening spirits struggled in the fight,
I, too, was near, with spirits of the light.

No more! no more shall we e'er severed be,
United now, for an eternity;
The Lord of all, in the unending years
Will wipe away all sorrow's blinding tears.



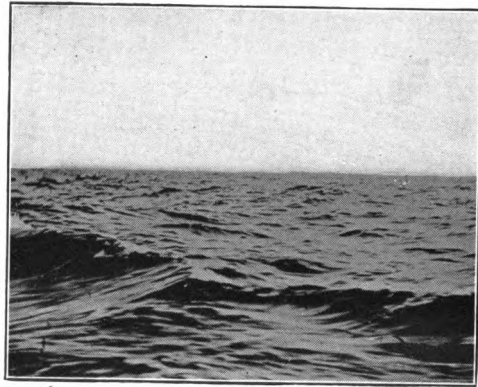
“ SING YE IN CHORUS ”

Oh, join with us, ye clouds and winds and rain,
Ye sunbeams glad, and waves of mighty main.
Ye birds and spirits bright, God's creatures all.
Give thanks to Him for all that doth befall.

Roll, waves, roll! Blow, winds blow!
Patter, ye raindrops, from on high,
Sunbeams bright, and clouds below,
Oh, sing, ye all, for the Lord is nigh!

Sing ye in chorus, loud and long,
Send up your voices high and strong,
Lift up your notes by night by day
To sing His glory forever and aye,
Forever and aye, forever and aye.

On through the ages ring forth the strain,
Send back the echoes o'er land and o'er main,
Tell of his glory while memories play
On land and on sea forever and aye,
Forever and aye, forever and aye.



I WATCH FOR THE SUNRISE SEA.

I watch for the Sunrise Sea,
Deep is its meaning for me,
It brings an end to strife,
It opes the door to life,
Sunrise Sea for you I'm longing.

Sunrise Sea your beauty tells
The peace that comes with joyous bells,
Where sorrows then shall take their flight,
And days will dawn that know not night.
O Sunrise Sea, for you I'm longing.

When I shall find my loved ones near,
And of new partings need no fear,
Oh, what would I exchange for thee,
O sweetness of the Sunrise Sea.
For thee, O Sunrise Sea, I'm longing.

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Operetta, A Mystery Play and Musical Drama

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

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READY IN JANUARY, 1917

102

CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE
408 N. Charles Street,
Baltimore.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

You will be pleased to know that I was present at a rendition of your play, "Every soul," given at Mt. St. Agnes' College, Mt. Washington, Md., and enjoyed it very much. I found it ennobling, inspiring, and illustrative of the unselfishness and spirit of sacrifice which characterize Catholic lives. On the occasion of which I write the inherent value of the play was enhanced by the talent of the young ladies and the scenic arrangements.

With very kind wishes, I am,

Faithfully yours in Christ,

J. CARD. GIBBONS.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

MY DEAR FATHER O'CONOR:

I was very much impressed with your beautiful little play "Every soul" recently presented by the children of St. Patrick's Church, this city. From the beginning to the end it was full of movement and color, and had just that degree of moral uplift and symbolic instruction which the minds of young children seem to be able to accept without any loss of delight in the little play itself. I trust it will have the large success which it deserves.

With best wishes, I remain,

Very sincerely yours in Christ,

THOMAS J. SHAHAN, *Rector*.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

MY DEAR FATHER O'CONOR:

So often we find our schools, in their entertainments, exhibiting plays that are not always elevating, but sometimes the reverse. It was exceedingly gratifying, therefore, to witness your play produced by the children of our school. In this play you have revived the best Catholic traditions of the past. "Every soul" is instructive, and conveys its moral lesson in an interesting and oftentimes humorous style. I hope it will have a large measure of success.

With kind regards,

Sincerely yours,

WM. T. RUSSELL.

OFFICE OF THE RECTOR.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

My Dear Father O'Connor:

Permit me to congratulate you on the lovely operetta "Sunshine Through the Clouds," which I have just read with sincere pleasure and real edification. It exemplifies the value and the uses of Christian contentment in a manner at once true and picturesque. The right views of Creation, man life and the social order are set forth with great beauty and simplicity. In a word, it exhibits admirably for the youthful mind those correct fundamental teachings of Christian Philosophy, for the lack of which the world is now paying such an awful penalty. The little operetta lends itself remarkably well to a very effective artistic staging. I do not doubt that it will win the hearty approval of all who are privileged to assist at it.

Very sincerely yours in Xto,

✠ THOMAS J. SHAHAN,
Rector of the Catholic University.

"SONGS OF THE SOUL"

BY

REV. J. F. X. O'CONOR, S.J.



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DRAMAS

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Hamlet in Latin.
Trial of Macbeth.
Trial of Major André.
A Mid-Winter Dream.
The Isidore. Operetta.
The Race on the Tiber.

MUSIC

Jesus, the All-Beautiful. Hymn.
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